

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

FREE



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Archers of the Poor



BY JENNIFER PIRIE

Those who presided over the maintenance of law and order in 17th-century Paris really knew how to deal with poverty. They created a special police force, known as the "Archers of the Poor," whose job it was to round up the indigent and decide which of those unfortunate folk were deserving (Read, "truly needy.") and which were simply idle. The deserving poor were shipped off to institutions, where the fruits of their unpaid labor fattened government coffers; the idle, considered unworthy of such generous treatment, were branded and exiled.

France has advanced some since then in its dealings with the poor. But last September, on the block where I live in sunny, late 20th-century Venice, California, the spectre of 17th-century Paris raised its head at a Neighborhood Watch meeting called to deal with the homeless in our area.

My block is Park Avenue, a pleasant beachside walk street with many of its original structures still standing and well-maintained. Its population is relatively stable; only a small amount of gentrification has occurred over the last few years. Some of the neighbors know one another well; most have a nodding acquaintance.

Several years ago, two women were raped within the same six-month period. This prompted some Neighborhood Watch meetings (which the police, although invited, never managed to attend). The outcome of the meetings was reassuring. Carpenters made house-to-house security checks; neighbors committed to keep front and back porch lights burning all night; we all exchanged telephone numbers and agreed to respond quickly to any calls for help. And, about a year or so later, a few of us did indeed help detain a man caught breaking into a neighbor's house -- holding him the forty minutes it took the police to arrive.

Things quieted down. The main Neighborhood Watch organizer moved away. There were no more Watch meetings, but also, apparently, little need for them. The only disturbance I noticed in all this relative calm was a growing profusion of car alarms -- answering each other's cries throughout the lonely Venice nights like horny, high-tech creatures eager to get on with the delightful business of creating new generations of Exotic Car Security Systems.

Then came the summer of '84. Remember it? They say that once it's over pain is the hardest sensation to recall. The mind says "Why bother?" and simply dilutes the experience. So you may not remember precisely how close you came to killing the cat during those long, suffocating days last summer. The heat was relentless, bringing to mind something Raymond Chandler once wrote about the Santa Ana winds causing meek housewives to rub their thumbs lightly down the blades of sharp knives while eyeing the vulnerable backs of their husbands' necks.

No question, the heat wave put many of us on edge. But for some it was a minor boon, in a world that's not offering them much in the way of boons these days; homeless people were able to live outdoors in relative comfort. Let's stress "relative," because we're talking weather here -- not food, baths, clothing, work, housing, health, safety, etc. Everywhere along the beach where a person might curl up and make a nest there seemed to be a pile of ragged blankets, worn sleeping bags, plastic water containers, and small collections of the kinds of personal belongings that make a "place" a home. Beach residents and weekend Boardwalk strollers were treated to scenes of survival at a very basic level.

Then, one day in September, signs appeared on the lampposts on my block: "ATTENTION!" they read, "TO ALL CONCERNED RESIDENTS. COME TO A NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH MEETING, MONDAY AT 6:30. CRIME, OVERNIGHT NOISE, AND HOMELESS BUMS WILL BE DISCUSSED." I registered the reference to "homeless bums," and noted the time, day and place of the meeting. The next day a woman came to my door to drum up attendance for the meeting. I asked her what she felt the problems were and what the solution might be. She spoke of increased crime and noise at night and indicated we should get the police to "do more," and that we had to "get those people out of there." I proposed that if we were going to become involved in dealing with the problems of homeless people we'd have to take a longer view -- and look at the source, which had a lot to do with poverty and cutbacks in social programs, particularly those that dealt with people who were often only marginally functional.

She suggested that I come to the meeting and express my point of view. I called a friend who lives on the block and told her it might be important for us to go to this meeting.

We arrived at the appointed time, 6:30 p.m. The day was still hot. About 20 people were gathered in a carport facing an alley behind the block. There was no order, no one chairing the meeting. People were just standing around yelling their indignation in angry little clusters. One particularly thick knot of people -- largely men -- was gathered around a policeman. It was difficult to hear much of what was being said because so many people were talking at once. But it soon became clear that the homeless people along the beach were being blamed for noise, vandalism, car thefts, you name it -- just about everything bad or unpleasant that had happened in the area during the course of the summer.

An angry tone was beginning to prevail. That is, as in the case of a lynch mob (to choose a rather dramatic example, but one that came to mind) people were doing more than expressing their anger -- they were getting ready to act on it. The cop suggested making citizens' arrests of those who made noise at night. The cop seemed to like that solution, the angry people seemed to like it too. And it was kind of frightening.

Alarmed at this tone, my friend and I began talking quietly and individually to people who were standing around at the group's edge waiting for the meeting to come to order. We began by asking if there had been any attempts to talk to the street people. After some minutes of this it became clear that no one had heard of such an effort. The people we talked to formed into a small group, one that was willing to act as a delegation and begin the process of discussion with our neighboring boardwalk dwellers. We spoke up and got the attention of the meeting. We asked if the meeting's organizers had tried talking with the street people. No one had. We said we'd be willing to go down to the boardwalk and express the block's concerns -- begin a kind of dialogue. (I have to say here that the cop did look a little disappointed at this new turn of events.)

A couple of men responded angrily to our suggestion. They insisted it was dangerous to attempt to talk to "those people."

It was actually suggested that it was dangerous to talk.

Others chimed in: there was no sense in talking to the people who lived in the pagoda at the end of the block -- they should simply be removed. One woman volunteered the information that there were "human feces" down there and one could catch diseases from the very benches on which the homeless sat! A young man complained that for the two weeks of the year that his parents visited they felt "uncomfortable" sitting at the pagoda because of the kinds of people living there. Another woman cried out that the presence of the homeless people was "ruining" her life. Mind you, we all live at the beach in safe, comfortable homes. Anyway, they were ruining her life. (Continued on page 10)

7 Day Festival Planned

KPFK Stayin' Alive

By Carol Fondiller

How many people know what a KPFK is? A Pacifica?

KPFK, personed by mostly volunteer labor, has been on 90.7 on your FM dial for 25 years.

KPFK, sister station to five other radio stations across the country are broadcasting alternative radio. That is, an alternative to Rock 'n Roll elevator music and itsy bitsy headlines that are squeezed in between commercials.

KPFK has commentaries by atheists, Communists, Unitarians. Several years ago, it broadcast in-total Ron Dillum's sub-committee hearings on the arms race. It consistently broadcasts speeches and seminars on, and on-the-spot news from Central America, the Mid East and the homeless before the mass media discovers those issues. It broadcasts programs about gardening, health, poetry, women's issues and labor. It was talking and interviewing people about the invasion of Grenada about a year before it happened.

Sometimes paranoid, self-righteous, shrill and sometimes brilliantly right on target, KPFK receives no grants from corporations such as Dow, Exxon or Richfield. KPFK is listener-supported, which keeps it pure but poor.

KPFK is listener-sponsored, which differs from the listener-supported philosophy of KCET television.

In addition to its public affairs, KPFK's musical offerings go from Salsa to Space Age to pre-Baroque to Folk to Jazz and songs of social significance. KPFK has programs about cars, motorcycles and stereos.

Several months ago, it had to go off the air for ten days because of financial difficulties.

Ever since I've been a listener-sponsor of the station, because it has no sponsors except its listeners and a rather complicated, small government allotment because it shares its satellite with KCFW, KPFK has been on the brink of financial disaster.

And every year they have had fund-raising faires which have been a good opportunity to shop for holiday presents, eat ethnic foods, listen to all kinds of music and meet the people who work at totally eclectic KPFK.

The Faire will run from December 7th to December 16th, from 11:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., closed Monday and Tuesday.

Each day will have a theme. Saturday, December 8th, will be "Day of the Child" from 11:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. and "Many Worlds of Music" from 6:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m., featuring the Dance Troupe AVAS.

On Friday, December 7th, the Celebrity-Press Opening will have Paul Krassner to M.C. and Jazz greats Vinnie Golia and Wayne Peet, Johnnie Otis and dramatic readings by Roscoe Lee Brown.

Other themes will be "Lesbain-Gay Night", "New Age Day" featuring holistic medicine and "Central American Liberation" with Mike Farrell, Robert Foxworth and Margo Kidder and hot Latin American music.

Crafts ranging from hand-picked herbal teas from Alaska to wall hangings to fine arts and pottery and clothes and jewelry from all over the world will be available.

The Faire fees are Adults \$5.00 after 6:00 p.m., Early Bird (before 6:00 p.m.) is \$3.00, and Children and Seniors \$2.00. A Winterfaire unlimited admission pass is \$20.00.

The KPFK Faire will be at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium at Pico and Main. For more information, call 1-818-985-2711.

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Letters

Dear Beachhead,

Old Mr. Fear has been running loose all summer. November went by and nothing changed.

Your articles on the widening income gap give a terrifying reason.

The weight of our good planet now devolves on a despondent kid: be that rich kid or poor kid.

Out there left of Saturn there is science, there is industry, there are jobs and tech training for the kids. Just got to grab a hold of it.

Out there is a rainbow that can see the shades of light.

That party won. And out there left of Saturn is where it's going to be. Just got to grab hold of it. It is there.

Sincerely yours,
Phillip W. Gregg

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING EARLY!

Prices have skyrocketed! The "Indie" you are smoking is usually too green (greedily harvested too early in order to compete with the year 'round crop of "Satie!") However, we satie growers know that after the indie runs out we will be over-loaded with our excellent smoke . . . so here is a once-in-a-lifetime offer: Buy now with our Special Smoker's Lay-Away (not smoke-away) Plan. A few bucks down and a couple of dollars per week, will insure you of having our precious commodity waiting in our special cellars at XMAS time . . . or . . . put a small deposit down now, pay for it at Xmas and receive an extra bonus of 3 1/2 grams for every 1/2 ozee purchased. This offer includes a free pass to the Fox International or Vista theatre. This special Xmas bonus is not being offered by KPFK, PFP, or the CPUSA!!!! Buy now . . . smoke later! (Offer valid until Easter, 1985.) Ten percent of all sales will be donated to NORML to aid the lobbying for de-criminalization of marijuana.

The League of Revolutionary Dope Dealers




Dear Beachhead Collective,

What a fantastic job you are doing with the "new" Beachhead. We (our family) stopped reading it until recently . . . since you have gotten off your complacent arses and become political and grass roots again!

As usual Ms. Fondiller keeps us on our toes. Your new writer-member Sandy Blixton writes some really good stuff and we look forward to more of her excellent and timely material. All of you are doing a damned good job. Keep it up!

Thanks,
D. Holstein
(long-time resident
& senior citizen)

Staff Note: Sandy Blixton was male, when he last looked.



**Venice
Town
Council**

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1984 7:30 p.m.
Beyond Baroque 681 No. Venice Blvd.

Proposed Agenda

1. Announcements, minutes, Treas. report.
2. Discussion of 'garage sale' fundraiser.
3. Committee Progress Reports: Charter and By-Laws; Beach and Recreation; Pavilion; Arts and Multicultural; Human Needs; and Planning and Development.
4. New Business.
5. Social hour and refreshments.

Committee reports will include info. on plans to use pavilion for services for homeless; By-Law proposals on committees and membership; and Damson bid to drill for oil. December's meeting is on the first Thur. of the month--January's will be on the second Thursday, as usual. Date: January 10.

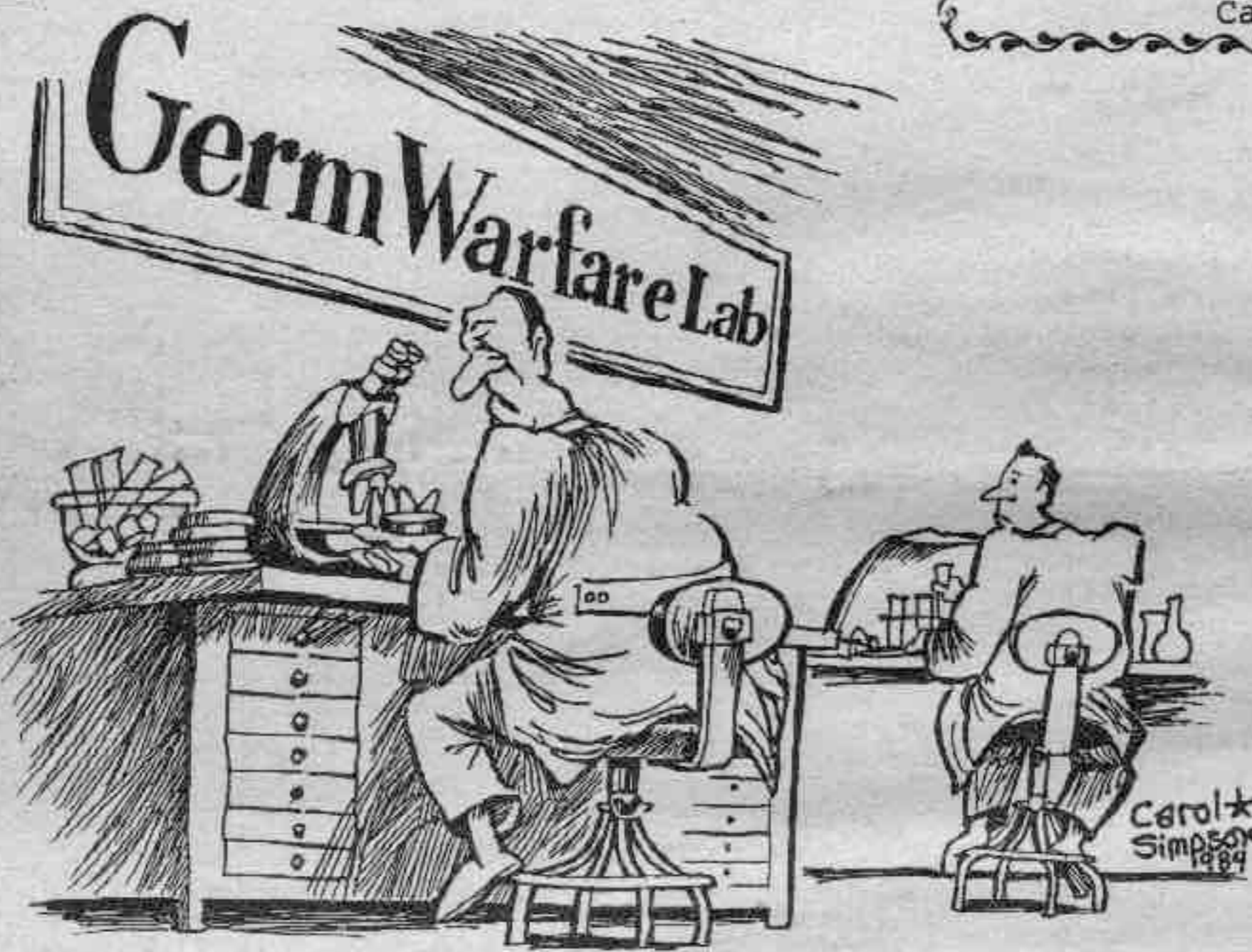
**FREE VENICE
BEACHHEAD**

Jenny Pirie, Carol Fondiller, Kathy Henderson, Diane Nickerson, Cheryl Beauchamp, Kate Keeling, Sandy Blixton, Moe Stavnezer, Memphis Slim, Pat McCartney, Bob Rivkin.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. We welcome and take responsibility for publishing contributions exactly as the contributors submit them, although the opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Collective staff. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice community. We ask that writing be limited to 1200-1500 words. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name & phone no. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

Old Myth Exploded!!

The Free Venice Beachhead is not free. Paper and printing cost plenty. Ads and donations pay for them. \$5 this size.



"Damn it Jenkins! Here's another batch demanding conscientious objector status."


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25th Anniversary Winterfaire

We're having a party!

December 7-16

We've got something to make everybody happy:

- ★ Over 90 artists offering the finest handcrafted pottery, clothing, woodwork, etchings, jewelry, weavings.
- ★ Hundreds of performers including Gospel, Folk, Caribbean, Jazz, Rhythm and Blues, Latin American, New Wave, Comedy, Songs of the Season, African, International Dance, Mimes, Minstrels, Magic and more.
- ★ Stars galore . . . like Johnny Otis Review, Clara Ward Singers, Betty Thomas, Roscoe Lee Brown, Charles Haid, The Minutemen, The Brat, Ivan Roth, Jackson Browne, Mike Farrell, Susan Anspach, Margot Kidder, Vonetta McGee, Howard Hesseman, Chambers Bros. Band, and many others.
- ★ Good food and drink from around the world.

Adults	
Early Bird (before 6 pm)	\$5.00
After 6 pm	\$5.00
After 6 pm Thursday, December 13th	\$6.00
(Special Committee of Concern Concert)	
Children (Under 12) and Seniors	\$2.00
Celebrity Preview Party	\$20.00
Winterfaire Pass (Unlimited Admission)	\$20.00

Don't miss the KPFK 25th Anniversary Party

WINTERFAIRE ★ DEC 7-16 ★ DAILY 11am-11pm ★ Closed Mon. ☉ Tues. ★ Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Pico ☉ Main Streets ★ call (818) 985-2711

- ENTERTAINMENT THEMES**
- Friday, December 7, 7 pm**
Celebrity Preview Party, Jazz and drama.
 - Saturday, December 8, to 6 pm**
Day of the Child, Uncle Ruthie and lots of surprises.
 - Saturday, December 8, to 11 pm**
Many Worlds of Music Part I.
 - Sunday, December 9th, to 7 pm**
McCabe's Country. The best of McCabe's American music.
 - Sunday, December 9th, 7 to 11 pm**
Gay/Lesbian Liberation Night. Comedy, song and dance.
 - Wednesday, December 12th, to 6 pm**
Many Worlds of Music Part II.
 - Wednesday, December 12th, 6 to 11 pm**
New Music. Hear the future in popular music.
 - Thursday, December 13th, to 6 pm**
New Age ☉ Holistic Healing Day.
 - Thursday, December 13th, 6 to 11 pm**
Central American Liberation ☉ Committee of Concern. Drama, poetry, music, oh!!
 - Friday, December 14th, 11 am to 11 pm**
Women's Celebration.
 - Saturday, December 15, to 7 pm**
Black Culture Day. We're sampling the performing arts of black culture around the world.
 - Saturday December 15, 7 to 11 pm**
Saturday Night Blues. Music, music, music.
 - Sunday, December 16th, 11 am to 11 pm**
Christmas, Chanukah ☉ World Peace Sunday.

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Commission gives Damson 3 Wells

by Patrick McCartney

The Damson Oil Co. of Houston received permission from the Coastal Commission in November to drill three new wells at the firm's drill site on Venice Beach. At the hearing, L.A. City Zoning Administrator Frank Eberhart indicated that public hearings would "probably" be held before the city grants Damson the necessary permits.

"New drilling on the beach is outrageous and irresponsible," the Coastal Commission's Marshall Grossman announced before the vote for Damson's claim of "vested right" to drill as many as 27 new wells. "But if the client has a legal right to drill, then we should respect it."

The Commission voted unanimously to follow their staff recommendation to grant a vested right for Damson to drill three wells. Along with the 11 wells already sunk from the site, the three new wells will fill out the cellars built in 1965.

An amendment was offered by a Deukmejian appointee, Commissioner McMurray, to approve a vested right to 24 more wells, but the amendment failed seven to three.

A representative of Mel Levine's read a

letter from the congressman in which Levine opposed the drilling, citing complaints residents have made over noxious fumes from the one-acre site.

"We are also concerned that off-shore drilling in Santa Monica Bay may be impacted if Damson drains the resource from the Bay," Levine said in his letter.

Moe Stavnezer, speaking on behalf of the Venice Town Council, expressed his concern over the drilling's effect on the existing state sanctuary and federal moratorium from drilling in Santa Monica Bay.

Stavnezer told the Commission "If drilling threatened existing sanctuaries, then nothing should preclude the City from denying Damson's drilling."

The No Oil group from Pacific Palisades—who organized to prevent Occidental Petroleum from drilling in a sensitive coastal zone—sent Barbara Cohen to the hearing. Cohen pointed out in her testimony that the City's general plan (passed since Mobil's 1965 drilling in Venice) prohibits drilling for oil or gas on level ground on city beaches.

Damson's representative at the hearing, lawyer Charles Greenberg, told the Commission

that Damson had "relied" on the right to drill some of the 27 new wells once envisioned by Mobil for the site.

Additionally, Greenberg told the Commission, the City of Los Angeles had limited review power. He cited landscaping and "protection to adjacent residences" as the only two conditions the City could control.

"Can the City turn it down? It is clear that it can't," Greenberg asserted, quoting a city report that "the zoning administrator is given broad power, short of disapproval."

When asked directly if it was possible the City would turn down the project, Zoning Administrator Eberhart said "The chance is remote." But Eberhart insisted that "approval is discretionary and not routine. They still have to come to us for a plan approval even for the first three wells."

Eberhart also indicated that public hearings, although not mandatory, were "probable" in this case. "Is it a political decision," Commissioner Grossman asked, "or a technical matter?"

"To hold public hearings is an administrative decision," Eberhart replied, eliciting a round of laughter from commissioners and audience.

No date has been set yet for a hearing.

Metro Rail-Roads Tenants

The following is part of a letter written by former Venice resident Samuel Schiffer to the Urban Mass Transportation Administration. Schiffer informed them of his concerns with the Southern California Rapid Transit District's proposed \$3.3 billion MetroRail, and passed the letter on to us--The Collective.

Dear UMTA,

I have reviewed the Rapid Transit District's application for Federal Assistance for the Metro Rail Project. This was signed by John Dyer, General Manager, on August 14, 1984, certifying that the "data...are true and correct."

Contrary to the certificate, the application is neither true nor correct. I urge you to withhold federal money until the application is revised as follows.

1. Number of Beneficiaries

The application claims seven million persons will benefit from the project. This is a mis-statement. RTD meetings were directed to property owners; renters were ignored although they comprise a majority of Los Angeles residents. Many renters will see their homes destroyed. The only beneficiaries of the project are speculators owning property on or adjacent to the station sites.

2. Metro Rail Deficit is Omitted

Table I of the application shows Total Capital Costs of \$1.175 billion and Annual Operating Costs of \$15.4 million. This omits the cost of financing. Interest charges would add another \$117 million a year.

The deficit incurred by the proposed Metro Rail should be shown together with the deficit of the bus system. Such a comparison will show a Metro Rail yearly loss of some \$150 million greater than the buses. Such massive losses will be a fiscal disaster to Los Angeles.

3. Destruction of Low-Income Housing is Ignored

According to the application, "The project could support the housing supply increase..."

Actually, Metro Rail will subsidize luxury housing when there is no shortage of \$100,000 condominiums. It will de-

stroy low-income houses now in critical short supply.

4. Employment Increase Will Injure Adjacent Communities

Metro Rail will stimulate construction of unneeded offices, condos and shops in downtown Los Angeles. Downtown can only grow at the expense of existing services in the San Fernando Valley or other outlying areas.

5. Competitive Bidding Not Specified

The application says "The District has selected a consultant to perform construction management services." The Proposed Budget lists this at \$31.9 million.

There is no mention of competitive bidding, allowing room for favoritism. A similar comment holds for the \$125 million for "Professional..Engineering and Design."

6. Annual Report is not Specified

The application makes no mention of an Annual Report to normal corporate standards. Such Reports are necessary to account to the public for the billions RTD hopes to spend.

Lack of an Annual Report is an invitation to sloppy management and corruption.

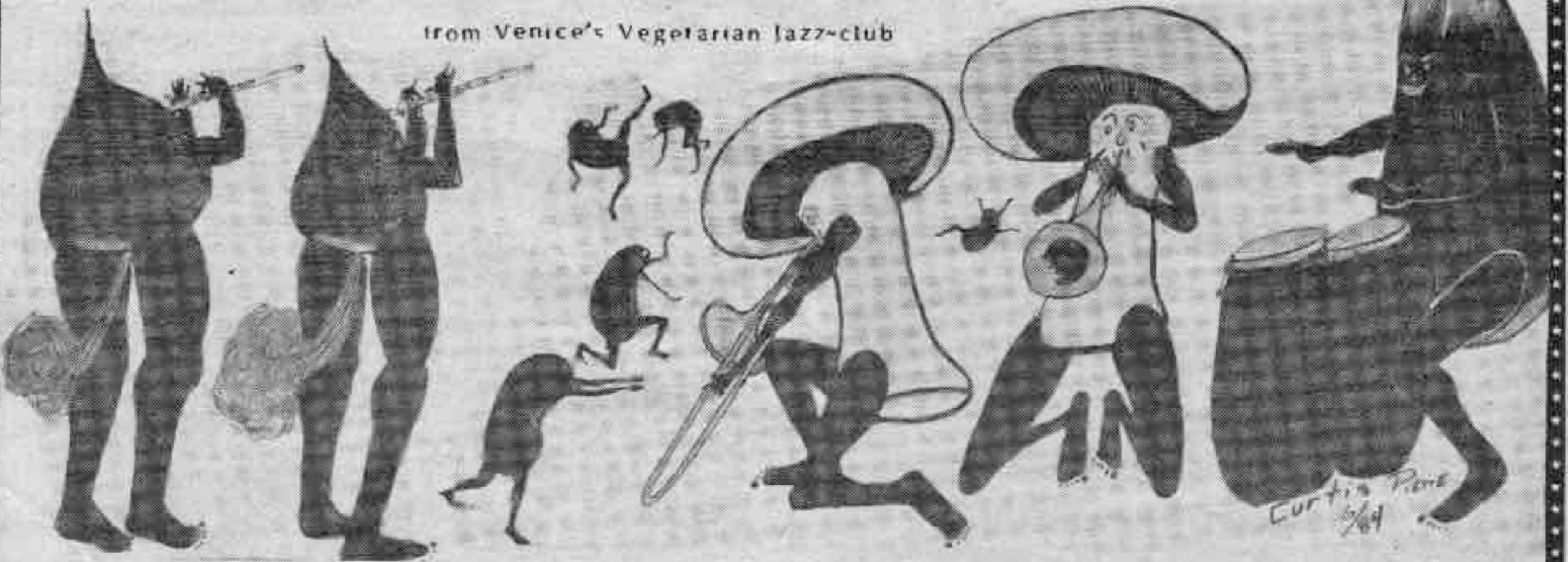
On behalf of the California Association of Tenants,
Sincerely yours,
Samuel Schiffer.



THE COMEBACK INN

SEASONS GREETINGS !!

from Venice's Vegetarian Jazz-club

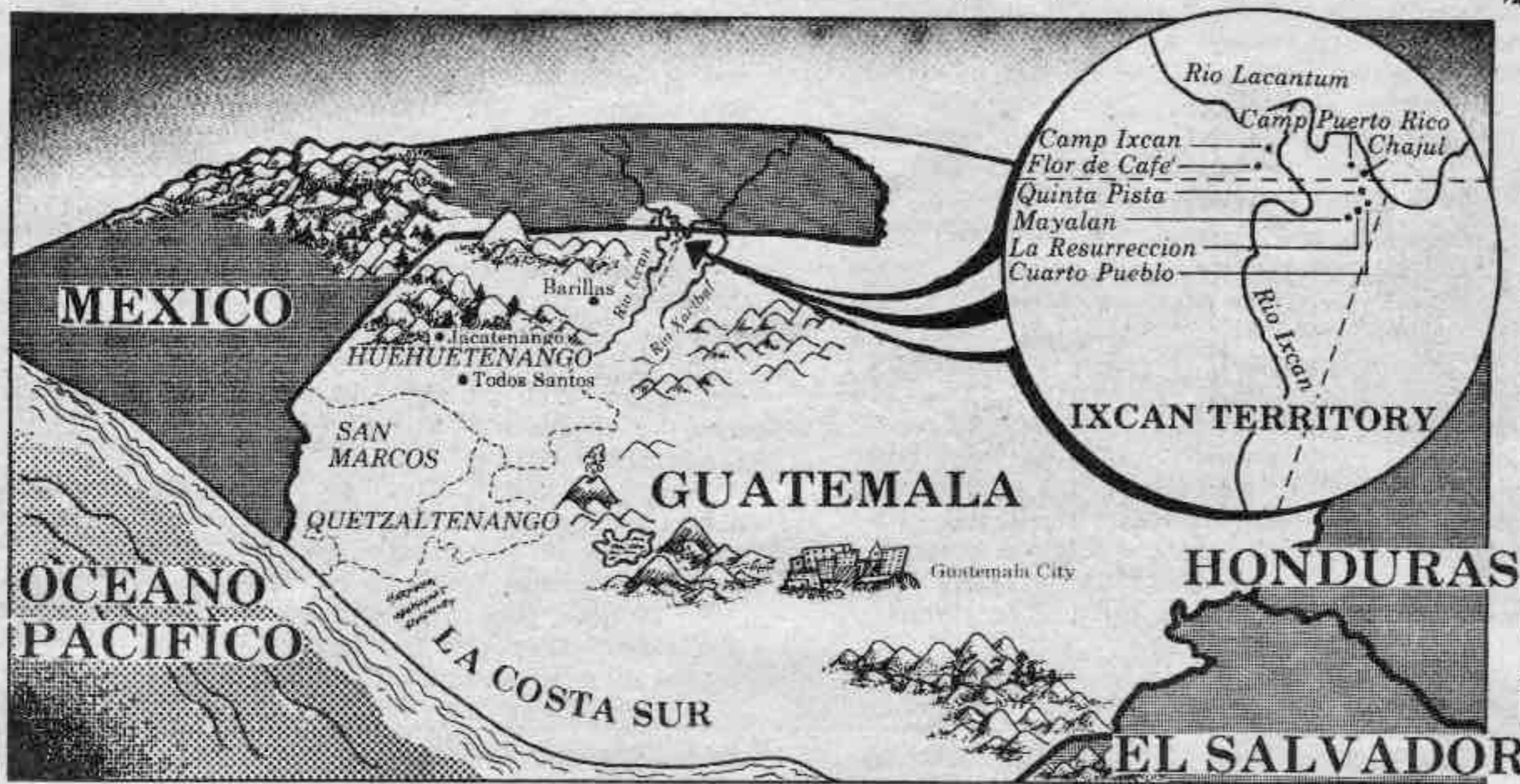


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DATELINE: CENTRAL AMERICA



by memphis slim

One Hundred Thousand refugees, mainly Maya Indians are living in Chiapas State, Mexico. They are from Guatemala. They are casualties from the war that pits the generals against the population. Naturally, the Reagan regime supports the generals.

Many of these refugees are former laborers. Workers for el patron, they left the plantations in the early 60's looking for el baldio, land without owner, the only way a poor Maya can hope to own land in today's Guatemala.

The pioneers of the 1960's cleared land in the Northern Guatemala jungle. They were given verbal agreement by officials in Guatemala City to inhabit the land, but no title. They settled in the jungle areas around Rio Ixcán, just south of Chiapas, Mexico and eventually grew into four villages, all named for the new life they had.

Eventually their success came to the attention of the generals. They were presented with "official title" and were told the free land (el baldio) was further

into the jungle. With the help of an American priest, Bill Woods, they raised \$80,000 and bought their land. But the success of Mayalan (Maya land) and the other villages proved to be their undoing.

The American priest was killed in 1976. The army burned materials set aside for school construction. In 1977 the army established a base in each of the Ixcán villages. Village leaders started disappearing and bodies started turning up in the Rio Ixcán and the Rio Xacbal.

Massacres of the villagers themselves began in 1981. The helicopters that brought the soldiers were American. The lucky ones now live in the camps in Mexico's jungle.

These traditional Mayas had left their farm labor jobs in Quetzaltenango, San Marcos and Huehuetenango to clear land in the jungle and live peacefully according to ancient Mayan way. Their cooperative prosperity brought them attention. That attention and American military might made hundreds of thousands of refugees and thousands more corpses.

The U.S. War Against Nicaragua

She had run to the shelter for battered women.
 He pursues her,
 He Besieges the place,
 He throws rocks at the windows.
 He threatens
 He curses,
 He fills his mind with imaginings of her new partners.
 He tries to prevent the delivery of food and correspondence courses while he shouts "You cannot be on your own, you need me."
 He visits everyone he knows, demanding that they not offer her work, And shouts to her "You won't be able to support yourself,
 "You need me, you can't, you need..."

Joe Maizlish

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Poetry Review

The Unsung Angel Sings Back

By Lynne Bronstein

review: Under the Ladder to Heaven. Julia Stein, West End Press, 1984. \$4.00

She was a strange one, this angel. Not the image of American ideal femaleness. She came to America by steerage, her name got mangled at Ellis Island, and her granddaughters might get their noses bobbed but she didn't. She learned English at night, sewed shirts by day in a factory with no aisles or fire exits, ate potatoes, sang about eating potatoes, got angry and went on strike for a living wage. Almost forgotten now, her spirit diluted to a bellicosity, made fun of by stand-up comics, she never gets to be sung about lovingly in soda pop commercials or rock videos. "I wish they all could be American Jewish girls." Would it play? Except as the slightly grotesque comedy figure this angel, the Shanch maydeleh, has become nowadays?

The Jewish woman is however, heroine, in Julia Stein's poetry collection Under the Ladder to Heaven. The book is both Julia's autobiography of Jewish American womanhood, and the remembered biographies of other Jewish women, her relatives and ancestors. The first of these is that Biblical renegade, Lilith, whose rebellion against a male establishment of Adam, angels, and God is described by Stein with humor and gusto:

Orders!
 I cut out.
 I split,
 I flew away....
 "Adam wants you back"
 "No Never....."
 "If you don't go back to Adam
 "...you will birth demons
 better demons..."

This is the uppity attitude of a Survivor who also seeks pleasure and a sense of self-the much overanalyzed goals of the "post-liberated" woman of the 1980's! And how did she evolve? Stein, guided by her special angel, "Shirley" (the stinking factory worker) takes us on a journey through three generations (at least) from the immigrant women of her family, to herself. In "Knotted String" she connects the history to her own life by recalling times spent with her grandmother:

"One day you found me
 untying knotted string.
 'yes,' you said. "you'll make a good Jewish wife.
 so patient. *Shaneh maydeleh.
 I'll make you a *Shidduch just like in *Shidrin."

But for the newer generation of Meyddekeh, it took more patience. It took the same kind of survival courage projected now into the era of the nuclear threat and the changing possibilities for women. The pain of "shortpay!" the immigrant factory girls' outcry is supplanted by the pain (physical and emotional) of "When the Clock was Smashed" a real-life horror tale about the authors' adoration. There are other forms of pain, the identification Stein found in the story of Anne Frank's last days in concentration camps, in the loneliness framing love affairs, in the bitter realization that life sometimes has to be lived through without the solace of love, wealth, or justice.

"I want more
 than bits and snatches of you, want
 a person who does more
 than graze the edge of my life.
 I want a lover
 not encased in stone walls
 but one who opens himself
 up with archways
 beckoning me in."
 ("From You I Want")

To survive war, poverty, harassment, rape, abortion, loneliness, prejudice, and hard work leaves scars. Would that more people could see the beauty in poems like these, a beauty that does not hide the scars but which cannot be achieved with any amount of makeup. Angels begin and end this book-the last is Julia Stein's angel of guilt which she, like Lilith, kicks back at, in order to climb "the ladder to heaven." Her hope, strung through the carefully ordered syllables of her poems, the way to that heaven.

*Shaneh maydeleh-pretty girl
 *Shidduch-marriage match
 Shidrin-a Russian town, home of the authors' ancestors.
 All quotes are from Under the Ladder to Heaven by Julia Stein, copyright (c) 1984, by Julia Stein

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Happy Holidays from the Beachhead

Venetian In Venice . . . Italy

BY
Jeff Cohen

The train was no longer on the mainland. It was barreling into the lagoon. I was pacing between the sides of the train trying to get the best view out the dirty windows. The Italians eyed me strangely - after all, I had this huge smile on my face and the only thing visible was a smelly refinery bellowing smoke out of the water. Yet I couldn't control myself. Venezia, Italy - what we know as Venice - was just five minutes ahead.

I can't remember such a rush of anticipation since about six o'clock on the first night I knew I'd spend totally alone with my girlfriend. That was fifteen years ago.

And Venice hasn't disappointed. In fact, stumbling around here for a week will put you in the same blissed out consciousness that a guru asks months and thousands of dollars for.

On day one I viewed the panorama of Venice from atop the Campanile (tower) and went into a trance, nearly weeping in joy at the centuries-accumulation of beauty, art and civilization: the palaces, churches, bridges, sculptures, spires, arches, and domes that adorn the other-worldly canal grid. It was one of those "ALL ONE LIFE/UNITY" experiences you read so much about on Dr Bronner's Soap bottles. Pure joy and then a bit of despair. I'm marvelling at the centuries of inspiration and labor it took to create Venice, and the thought creeps in that it will take only seconds to obliterate it. (Although unpopular, the NATO missiles are now being installed in Italy.) Then I hear myself say: "If only Reagan would spend one hour on this tower, seeing Venice exactly as I am - not a movie, not a postcard, not a briefing book - then he'd have to wake up to what it means to threaten the extermination of civilization, of accumulated history."

It was pure sixties in its naivete, like the acid-induced fantasy of fifteen years ago that if only Nixon would turn on, he'd so understand his unity with all life that he's stop slaughtering Vietnamese. But up on the tower, I was totally sober. Which is precisely the point: if ever a place could render the use of psychedelics totally superfluous, it's Venezia.

This city on water takes some getting used to. When you jump on the #1 bus here, it's a boat. When you cross Rialto, you've crossed a wide, sculpted bridge on which there's a market place. You don't go two blocks up and turn left, you go two canals up. I've seen ambulance-boats, taxi-boats, police patrol-boats, a "just married" boat in the form of a gondola. I thought I saw a hearse-boat. I have not seen one car.

The bus-boats ("vaporetti") are a real treat, the best way to see the facings of the historic palaces and churches that line the canals, especially treasure-filled Grand Canal. No front yards. The water laps at the front steps, green with moss, of each building. (Some of the palaces of old, and quasi-palaces, are now mere apartment buildings.) The #1 bus lumbers up the crowded Grand Canal, switching lanes to get



around gondolas. It's typically Italian that the slower of the two bus lines is called the "Accelerated."

The tourists stick mostly to the lines that ply the Grand Canal and go on to the beach island, the Lido. For the locals, the vaporetto is nothing more than a fact of everyday life. Friends will time their arrivals to meet on the same boat, getting on at different points along the canal route. You'll see a local glance nervously at her watch as a result of a behind-schedule boat. The tourists are oblivious.

I hope for the sake of the walls here, that whoever scrawls "Valleys Go Home" in our Venice never witnesses the tourist invasion of Venezia. It is frightful to behold. Raymond Chandler would say the place is "filthy with tourists." The worst offenders are the tour groups - usually German, American, or French - obnoxiously loud and oversized . . . ludicrous in their attempts to navigate a narrow bridge or walkway. The groups follow behind their flag-waving tour guides like sheep behind a bellwether, narrowly avoiding collisions with each other. Luckily for the rest of Venice, they rarely venture away from the central Rialto-San Marco corridor. It's amazing how few tourists of any kind can be found on back-ways or outer islands.

So when Mary McCarthy wrote that the tourist Venice is Venice, she was only half-right. She's on target with respect to the gondola scene. Each evening before opening for business, the gondoliers can be seen spit-polishing their tackily ornate, narrow, black vessels. And some actually do serenade their passengers. Most customers seem to pay for the ride - about \$25 per hour - for the right to photograph it. I saw three young, Japanese men on their gondola ride: one was filming his two friends, each of whom was busy photographing scenes on the side of the canal.

There is so much more to Venice than the tourists. The locals are dazzling. Their apartment buildings - even poorer ones - are brightly decorated by colorful shutters, flowers, and of course, clothes flapping in the wind - sometimes hung across a canal. One day I was walking along a tiny canal when I heard a woman's voice - from inside a bar - sweetly humming "Young Girls Just Want To Have Fun." I looked inside. It was the 60-year-old bartender. The non-tourist Venice comes alive at night in the back neighborhoods. Young and old mingle in groups outside in the piazza. Two teenagers play cards on the bridge. A group of ten younger kids - loud ones - are playing "off the steps" with a ball. In this case, the steps are of a phenomenal church, ornate with statues and masks and columns, probably worked on for a decade by hundreds of men five centuries ago. To the kids, it's just their steps and they're having a ball. Just like last night and the night before.

It is mostly Italians that frequent the Lido's public beaches on the Adriatic. Here, if you bus to the beach, it's a boat-bus, the Lido is an island. Crowded like our beach. No boardwalk carnival, though.

Best "Buzes" in Venice

Caffeine Junkies Unite

By Essie La Fresseur de La Venta

Perhaps it was the unfortunate influx and influence of the bean sprout crowd, but has anyone noticed how hard it is to find a good cup of coffee in Venice?

Essie's criteria for a good cup of coffee is this: strong, fresh, sharp, with enough caffeine to start the ol' heart.

The C.D. on Pacific Ave. and Windward has been mentioned before as having good coffee—good news, they're expanding their sit-down space.

Now Essie is going to do battle with the establishment, that hang-out of what is thought to be the truly hip, one of the oldest surviving restaurants on the Ocean Front Walk, the Lafayette Cafe. Its been a year since Essie has been dragged kicking and screaming into the place of flabby frozen potatoes. Ah, perhaps they've mistaken the Beatnik definition of cool for below body temperature food. And the coffee was weak and just as overpriced as any other restaurant in this tourist trap Essie calls home. An impeccable source tells Essie that a good treat is the waffle with a scoop of vanilla ice cream and topped with maple syrup (the Lafayette's special artificially flavored maple syrup). It sounds like an unforgettable experience and Essie doesn't even want to begin to remember.

Another problem Essie has run into is that coffee and food vary with the weather, astrological placements of Venus and Uranus, and the chemical imbalance of the cook.

That is not the problem at the Fig Trees on Paloma and Ocean Front Walk. Their coffees are the most reasonably priced items on an overpriced menu. Sometimes one has to play Food Gestapo with the waiter/waitress—"Excuse me, this Cappuccino's lukewarm." "Well," sniffs the waiter, "the finiculas is set at boiling, it can't be lukewarm." "It is lukewarm," replies Essie. "It can't be." "Well, maybe it was hot half-an-hour ago when you were too busy discussing business with your break dance guru to deliver it..." The waiter/waitress gives Essie an I-wouldn't-drink-caffeine-that's-what-makes-you-so-grumpy look and says "They drink it that way in Italy." "I don't care if 'they' drink it that way in Italy—I say

its lukewarm and to hell with it." And then a good, hot, steaming Cappuccino is delivered. All the coffees at the Fig Trees are superb. And they should be for the prices they charge. The food is overpriced also. Essie advises you to ignore the food. It's one of those places where everything looks better on someone else's plate.

Avoid the Croissant Place on Dudley Ave. on Ocean Front Walk! Essie dressed up in her oracle robe for this one! The service is at best surly. When Essie drank her coffee, weak, bitter, old, she felt like a character in a Haysman story—weak, bitter and old. The croissants, well, they're just as puffed up, soggy and microwaved

as anyone else's.

The Carousel—oh, there's a find! On Rose Ave. and Ocean Front Walk, fresh strong good beans for 65 cents—you can't go wrong. When I think of the Carousel, I think of its yearning to be all things to all people. French chicken, salad in croissants, so excellent roasted chicken for \$4.00, a salad for \$1.65. But its the pizza at \$1.20 a slice that holds me. Thick-crust but not doughy, not for the effete, Spago lover, this pizza betrays its prole origins with every tomato and oregano-laced bite, its a good Noo Yawk pizza and the family who runs the business is friendly! Couteous! No seating inside, take-out only.

And there's the Rose Cafe on Rose and Main.

So many People Essie knows
turn up their noses
at the Rose

, but Essie like them big, high chairs
for itty bitty derrieres.

.. Their food is fresh, clean and it looks a lot more innovative than it tastes. The Rose caters to Yuppies and Ladies-who-lunch, so you'll be hearing a lot of deal-making and conversations about relationships as you stand in line—but the coffees are good and worth the price. Of course they have croissants. They used to be big on quiche. What does that tell you?

And Essie hopes everyone will keep searching for a good, hot cup of coffee. ●

The dead of Venice are buried on the island of San Michele. That's all the island is: a cemetery. But a vast and beautiful one, each grave adorned - almost daily it seems - by fresh flowers. When I hopped a vaporetto to the island, I counted way more Venetians bearing flowers than tourists bearing cameras. On San Michele it dawned on me how pictures of Venice actually de-glamorize the place.

Even tourist Venice has its nice quirks. On the tourist strips where merchants hawk their cheesy souvenirs and flags, one of the most prominent banners for sale is a big, red one of Che "HASTA LA VICTORIA SIEMPRE." On many a tour group's itinerary is the glass-making demonstration on renowned Murano island. Tourists ooh and ah at the workers going about their craft. Peering in through a back window (I'm traveling cheap), I could see something the tourists couldn't: in the workers' snack room, a big hammer and sickle is painted on the wall.

Like our Venice, Venezia is politically progressive. The independant, democratic P.C.I. (Italian Communist Party) is the strongest party in Venice - 35% of the vote - as it is in most Italian cities. The PCI's presence is everywhere. Its colorful posters against the NATO missiles are plastered around town, and it has neighborhood offices - often on quiet side canals (as in "side streets") - throughout Venice. I got escorted around one: the "Che Guevara Workers Circle" office. The PCI of Venice just hosted a 10-day national conference on ecology and peace, featuring films and discussions on the West German Green Party. I did not find a tenants' union office here, as I had in Florence. (The Florence office had a sign strikingly similar to the insignia of our own Tenant Action Center.)

If Venice, California does not yet have a sister city arrangement with Venezia, Italy, I propose that the Venice Town Council hold a special meeting just for that purpose. Since I know there's nobody worse than a movement person who makes proposals without doing the "shitwork" to carry them out, I've got another motion: I hereby volunteer myself to accompany the delegation to Venezia for that tough task of hammering out the details of the arrangement. ●

(Jeff, a Venice, California, resident for eight years, is touring Europe as a result of settlement money received in the lawsuit against LAPD's political spying. "Thanks Chief.")



'CIRCLES' STRAIGHTENS OUT

Miracle on Ocean Front Walk



Tony 'Circles' on a recent day

by Patrick McCartney

This is a Christmas and Channukuh story for anyone who has wondered what happened to Tony "Circles" and doesn't know. If you remember, I reported that Tony, after polishing the asphalt in a progressively tighter circle for months in a driven, haunting pace, was removed from the Boardwalk only a day before the start of the Los Angeles Olympic Games.

Tony spent 45 days at Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk. During that time, Tony was de-loused, cleaned up, fed, and given a common anti-psychotic drug, Prolixin.

When Tony returned to Venice in September, I found it hard to believe that the clean-shaven face belonged to the Tony I remembered. I was thrilled to see how lucid and witty he was.

Did he still hear voices, I asked him. "Only my mother's voice telling me to get off my ass."

In the time since, Tony has had his ups and downs, but it's been mostly up. He's worked at small jobs for the boardwalk vendors; he's persevered with a claim of disability and has begun to receive a Social Security check. That alone will make this Christmas warmer for Tony.

Tony told me that the Social Security psychiatrist had a hard time believing how low he

had sunk. Was it the care he received that made the difference, I wondered, the clinical effects of Prolixin? Tony's not taking any medication now, but you wouldn't know it, except for a hint of agitation as he works his jaw talking.

Or did Tony's "remission" speak to something more mysterious than a mere chemical effect? Had Tony somehow decided to live?

"It's easier now," Tony tells me. When I asked him what it was like, walking in circles, he describes it. "I was in control of walking, but out of control too. I saw faces; if I slowed down at night I'd see colors. When I walked I was in a trance. I saw millions of faces—some with pilgrim hats, some with cowboy hats, modern faces and prehistoric faces."

Tony's plight touched the lives of many in Venice. He reminded me of the Melville character, Barnaby the Scrivener, who haunted the offices of his employer until he lived there. When asked to do anything, and finally when even asked to leave the office, Barnaby always replied, "I'd prefer not to."

Tony was like that. When strangers tried to give him food or money, Tony shied away. He preferred not to receive help, it seemed. His passivity became a polished surface that reflected our own humanity.

Like many of the penniless who call the pagodas, the beach and alleys their homes, Tony has a handicap. For many of the others the problems aren't so visible as Tony's, but the need for our compassion and help is as great. In Tony's case, help worked miracles. ●

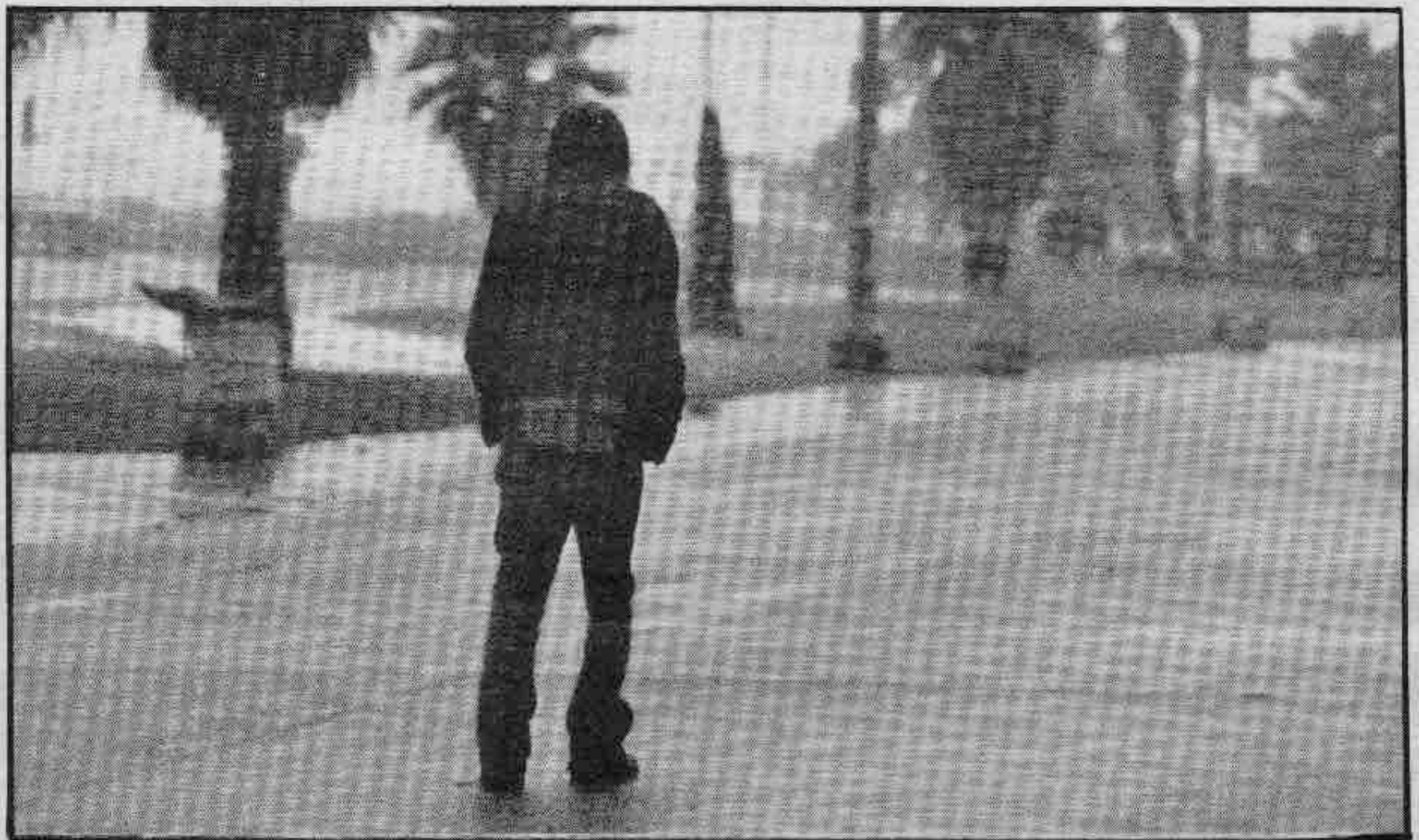


Photo Bob Rivkin

Before hospitalization, Tony cut a lonely figure on the Ocean Front Walk.



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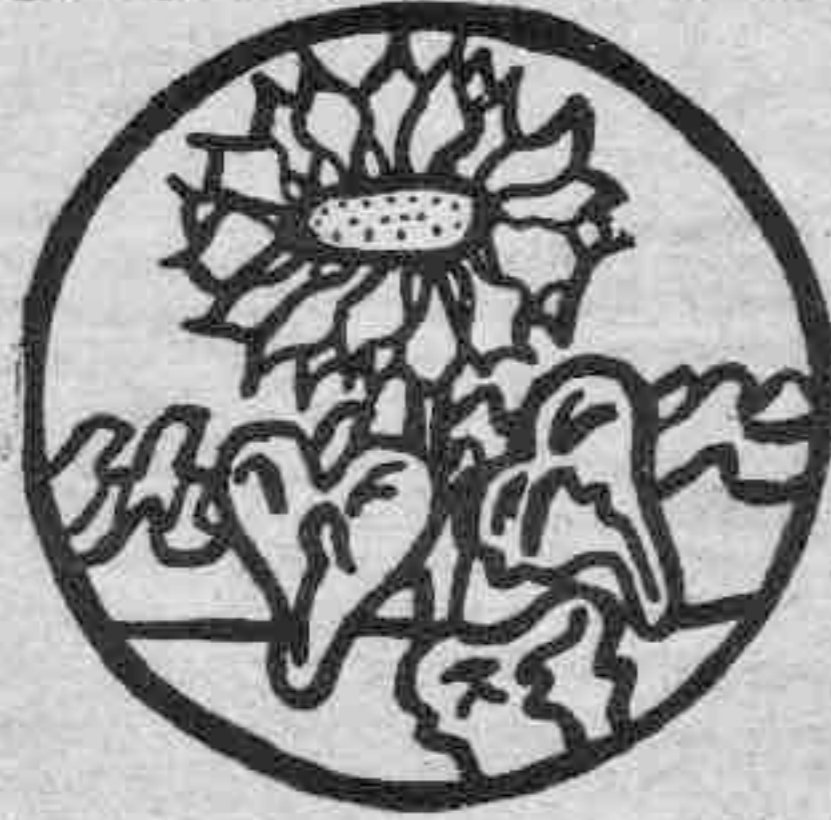


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Beachhead Secrets Exposed

MOE STAVNEZER

This is the Beachhead's 16th year of publishing. Yet, it seems, there are many of you out there without the vaguest notion of how it's done. So, into the breach I come trotting with this public interest story about the way we, the Collective, operate (subtitled, Everything You Always Wanted To Know About the Beachhead But Didn't Care Enough About To Ask.)

An excellent example of Beachhead policy was on display in our Special Election Issue last month. There, on one page, you could find Sandy Blixton urging a vote for the Peace & Freedom Party candidate for Congress while, on another page, I urged a vote for Mel Levine! Moral: rarely does the Beachhead take a collective editorial position. The basic instinct of this, and the previous, collective is to air the many and diverse views of people in the community who take the time to write articles. We are unabashedly a bit left of center as a group (The right has plenty of money to get its views known.) But that does not mean that we have the same politics -- far from it. We may lean in the same direction but quite different winds have bent us. Collectives, past and present, have generally agreed to disagree on any number of subjects and to refrain from shoving one position down the throat of other collective members. That sometimes means hefty arguments, hurt feelings, and bruised egos -- but all of that comes with the territory.

Anyone can join this madness. The Beachhead meets three Saturdays a month -- omitting the first Saturday of the month -- in a spacious room above the Fox Theater, generously given us by Rol Murrow. We begin at 11 am and go until the tasks for each meeting have been completed, sometimes in the late afternoon. In order to bring a measure of sanity and consistency into the organized chaos that typifies the collective, we met some years ago to establish a regular routine for each of the meetings. During the first and second meetings we read articles and poetry and accept (the vast majority) or reject them. On the second Saturday, our most grueling meeting in my opinion, we also assign accepted articles to pages in the paper and also invent the headlines for the articles. (Generally, if an author wants a particular headline we accept it, unless, of course, we all think it's unacceptable for one reason or another.) Also, generally speaking, we do not accept articles that are racist, sexist, or just plain very poorly written. Neither, generally, do we publish right-wing stuff.

A couple of years ago we began to have the headlines done professionally, instead of press-typing them the day of paste-up -- the ritual that takes place on the third Saturday. This has freed us from the tedium of press-typing each headline the day of paste-up, but also robs us of a certain amount of creative spontaneity (another compromise). The creation of headlines in this manner illustrates another ongoing debate -- the funky vs. neat argument. The last few collectives have made room for both extremes in this debate -- people who insist that the way the paper looks ("So what if the headline is crooked!") is unimportant, to those who feel that the way it looks ("The god-



damned headlines are all crooked!") is all important. For the most part, the centrists have carried the day in this debate -- we try to make the paper look as good as we can, realizing that each of us has varying talents concerning layout and different eyes where art is concerned.

The same is true in typing the articles. Contrary to popular myth, the Beachhead does not have a quota of typos for each article. About 90% of all the articles are typed by members of the Collective who, as you may have noticed, have different levels of skill at the keyboard. We have discovered that a good typewriter (IBM Selectrics are wonderful.) makes a whole bunch of difference as far as reproduction is concerned. Manual typewriters are especially bad, mainly because the type is uneven and seems to "break up" during the printing process. If you want to write an article and don't have a good typewriter, don't be discouraged ... if the article is accepted we'd rather type it than have it come out unreadable in the paper.

We've been going to the same printer for about as long as anyone can remember -- Glendale Precision Rotary Press. It's not a union press (for which we are sometimes criticized) but they print a number of alternative papers, and have resisted police harassment over the Beachhead and other publications. We like our printer and our printer likes us.

Collective members do a lot more than put the paper together. We are all responsible for some distribution each month -- we get lots of help from the community with this job, thank goodness. We are also responsible for getting the ads that keep the paper going, a job that none of us likes a whole lot but one that is absolutely essential -- since there don't seem to be any sugar daddies or mommies willing to support us. When we do a fund raiser (usually once a year) all of us also share the responsibility for that as well. Needless to say, the Collective is a busy bunch and appreciates all the help we can get in any aspect of "doing" the Beachhead.

Oh yes, an important point not yet mentioned concerns editing articles. We do NOT edit original articles submitted to us. If an article needs editing we return it to the author for revision. We do edit press releases or canned articles (those that are xeroxed and have obviously been sent to a number of publications). There are good and bad consequences of this policy and the Beachhead has felt that the good outweighs the bad both in terms of work involved in editing and, more important, in allowing people to say their piece the way they'd like to have it said, without the imposition of our writing skills or values. I think that the policy has served the paper and the community quite well.

So there you are, the skinny about the Beachhead. But you're not going to get away without a pitch. If you can afford a few pieces of gold, please toss them our way. The Beachhead operates from month to month with very little cushion in our bank account. If you'd like to write, draw, take photos (one of our weakest areas), help distribute the paper, or join the Collective all we can say is DO IT. Our number and address are on the masthead and we'd just love to hear from you



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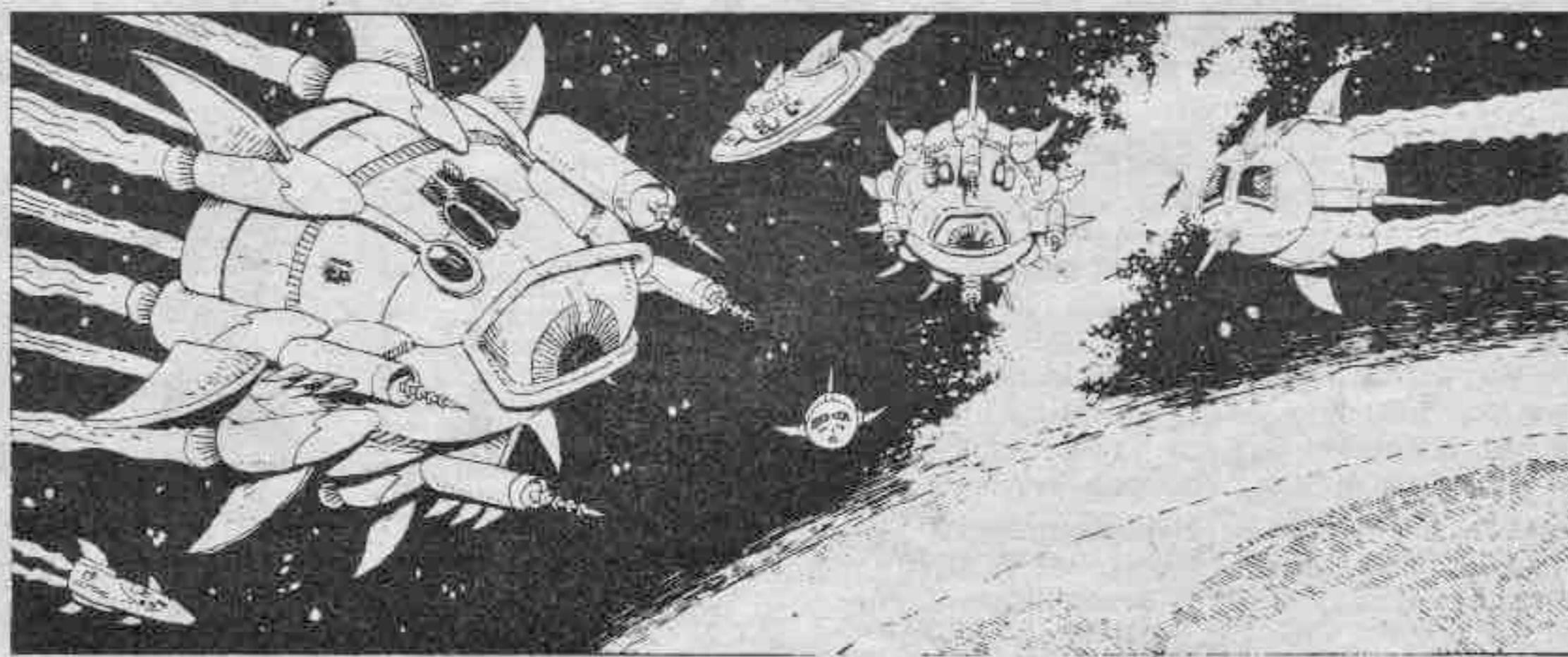
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Reagan's Death Star

by memphis slim

The Reagan administration is asking for \$25 billion through 1989 for research and development of their "Star Wars" technology. Actual production costs are presently considered between \$100 billion and \$500 billion to put these weapons in space.

Here's what you're gonna get: An electron beam that's a Frankenstein originally known as the cathode ray tube. They've got one of these at the Lawrence Livermore Lab. This particle beam accelerator destroys the targets structurally but only at close range. Then, we've got your basic high energy laser. Just point at the offending missile and you burn a hole in the rocket, if you don't miss. They're also dusting off the idea of interceptor rockets. Remember Nixon's ABM (anti-ballistic missile system), well it's alive again. My favorite is the X-ray laser technology. This converts small nuclear explosions into such massive x-rays that the ICBM is destroyed in the boost stage when it's hottest and slowest. It'll also give the neighbors complete dental x-rays at no extra cost. One of the most ridiculous sounding is the hypervelocity electromagnetic rail gun. This uses the principle of a magnetic field accelerating an armature to fire a projectile at the speed of 3 miles a second. They've taken James Watt's basic electricity idea and made a gun out of it. There are more ideas being tossed around but these technologies are the ones most often used as examples of the "Star wars" concept.



ROBERT NEUBECKER

The proponents of these technologies are such diverse people as Edward Teller father of the H-Bomb, James Fletcher, former head of NASA, and Lt. General James Abrahamson, head of the project presently.

Voices of the sane include the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, which says the feasibility of any of this working is so remote that it should not be public policy. The Union of Concerned Scientists states that a total ballistic-missile defense is unattainable. Dr. Kosta Tsipis, a physicist at MIT, says that the system has to work perfectly the first time it is used and it has to complete its operation in less than 200 seconds. Plus, the countermeasures that would knock out the system are much cheaper.

The main defense against this ultra-

expensive technology is killer satellites which the Russians have already. Call them space mines. Another defense and one that belies the line that this technology will bring peace with the Russians is that the Russians can simply build and launch more missiles than the system can destroy.

So even though it can't work, companies are already working on some of the projects. TRW is working on chemical lasers. Lockheed is working on the mirror prototype needed by the chemical laser. Each one of these projects is in the magnitude of the Manhattan Project. General Dynamics, the largest single defense contractor and a company that paid no income tax last year is working on the hyper-velocity rail gun.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the real "Star Wars."

ARCHERS cont.

The general tenor seemed to be that these people were dangerous, there was no point in negotiating with them, and they should just be moved out.

Our small group disagreed. We said we would go to the pagoda, begin the negotiation process, and anyone who wanted to come was welcome to join us. And we started down toward the boardwalk.

We were about a third of the way down when one of the meeting's organizers came running after us, bearing the message that those who had remained behind had taken a vote that we shouldn't go - that we couldn't go. We pointed out that since we hadn't participated in the vote, we didn't have to abide by it, and continued on down to the pagoda.

There were some very real concerns among the people in our group. One woman's young son had witnessed a couple having sex behind the pagoda, in full view of the beach. He'd come home and described it somewhat graphically to his mother. She said she didn't want him to learn about love in this way. But, she'd been through hard times herself and certainly wasn't about to condemn anybody for living out on the street. She just wanted to express her concern. Others, although not personally bothered or awakened by the late night fights, revels and conversations of the street people were nonetheless sympathetic to their neighbors' aggravation and wanted to find a peaceful solution to the problem.

I think most of us were a little nervous. But we approached the pagoda and began talking quietly to anyone who'd listen. Soon spokespeople for the pagoda dwellers began to emerge. And a dialogue was started.

At first it was tentative - on both sides. Then we introduced ourselves and several conversations started. They indicated that this was more or less the end of the line for them and they didn't want any trouble. A man named "Beep" told me that in the twenty years he'd been living off and on at the beach he'd never known anyone who lived east of Speedway. In twenty years. "It seems as though we all do live in the same neighborhood," he said, "and we ought to know each other."

The pagoda dwellers agreed to keep their own noise down. But they pointed out that they weren't responsible for all the noise -- anybody can walk down the boardwalk and throw over garbage cans, yell, scream, break bottles. You don't have to reside in a pagoda to do that, or live on one of the neighboring walk streets. Anyone, they pointed out, can do that. Nevertheless, they said that since they lived here, and had no alternative to living here, they would do what they could to accommodate our need for quiet.



PHOTO: WALKER EVANS

We returned to the meeting and reported what had happened to those who had remained in the safety of the carport. I think it was at this point that the policeman pointed out, rather gratuitously, that the group seemed somewhat divided as to what it wanted to do. It was clear that the idea of making citizen's arrests had met its appropriate end.

There was one more Neighborhood Watch meeting - the following week. This one was a good deal more sparsely attended. The heat had broken during the past few days and we stood around in the darkening chill of early evening. A couple of the louder men from the previous meeting acknowledged that the street noise had indeed subsided considerably. Others still wanted to express their anger and indignation about the various goings on down at the boardwalk. Some of us pleaded for understanding, and a more


enlightened involvement than just calling the police on those who slept outside.

We talked about getting together with other Neighborhood Watches and jointly pressuring the county or city to provide food and shelter for the homeless. The woman who'd first come to my door volunteered to arrange the next meeting - to include other Neighborhood Watch representatives. I offered my house for the meeting, since the days were getting short and cool. And that's where it was left - that we'd be notified of another meeting.

That was months ago. There hasn't been another meeting as far as I know. If there has been, I certainly haven't been notified of it. I suspect that people just wanted to express their rage and really didn't want to do anything -- didn't have the energy or interest in doing anything about the root causes of their problem. And the very least that the small group of eight of us was able to do was stop direct action against the street people -- or at least slow it down. But we haven't come up with a solution. Although recently a neighbor has begun trying to generate interest in the idea of surplus restaurant food distribution.

I think two things put an end to the angry Watch meetings: one was that the noise did actually abate; and the other was that the weather got cooler. We were able to close our windows at night against what noise remained. Street people huddled earlier under blankets to escape the cold. Maybe some found other kinds of shelter, away from the evening winds. So, for the time being, the problem itself has been reduced. Not the causes of the problem - the numbers of homeless - but the manifestations, particularly the noise. Perhaps there are fewer car thefts; I certainly hear fewer car alarms in the evenings. As if they'd gone into hibernation for the winter.

What worries me, I suppose, is what happens next summer - if we have another hot spell. Under another four years of a Reagan presidency there surely won't be fewer homeless people on the streets. What's going to happen then? In the face of more homeless people, and quite likely more noise and aggravation, how is my block going to behave? Will we look for solutions? Or call in the Archers of the Poor. ●



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POLITICS

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY MEETINGS

The Santa Monica/Venice Peace and Freedom Party meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at 1354 West Washington Boulevard in Venice. For information call 396-3555 or 387-2215

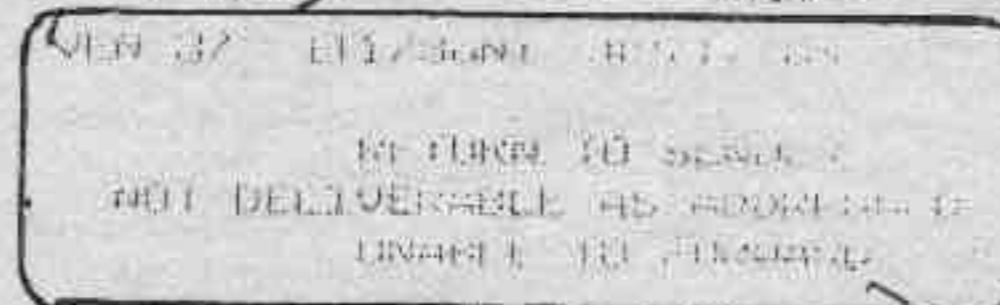
El Salvador: Background to the Crisis. 148 pages with maps. Send \$6.95 (includes handling) to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA 19134.

SANTA MONICA DEMOCRATIC CLUB:
Sunday, Dec., 2nd, 1:30 PM at Retail Clerks Hall, 1410 2nd St., Santa Monica. Selecting delegates to the State Central Committee and State Demo. Convention. All 44th A.D. Democrats welcome.
Thurs., Dec. 27th at 7:30 PM. Regular Meeting, Senior Recreation Center, 1450 Ocean A. Ave.

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Where is this theatre? Hollywood? Downtown? NO. This is the Indoor Venice Pavilion, mostly inactive since the city built a roof over the original open-air structure 26 years ago. The grass-roots Revitalization Organization is presenting COLONY a play by Glenn Hopkins depicting the 1st international group to live on the moon. 2:30 PM Sat. and Sun. beginning Nov. 24th Info: 399-0011.

1st Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, 2936 West 8th St., LA. (213) 389-1356.
CHRISTMAS BAZAAR: Dec. 1 and 2. Sat., Dec. 1st, 1PM-8PM. Italian dinner at 6:30 for \$5. 50. Dec. 2nd 12:30-2PM. No admission.
"This is our revolution" Dr. Farley Wheelwright, Sun., Dec. 9th at 11AM. Music by Lennie and Cricket Potash.
"THE NEED FOR AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE MOVEMENT" Trina Cornwell, Sun., Dec. 16th at 11AM. Music by THE MISSIONARY CHRISTIAN COLLEAGUES.
"WAS JESUS A COMMUNIST?" Rev. Philip Zwering, Sun., Dec. 23 at 11 AM. Music by the 1st Unitarian Choir.
ATHEISTS UNITED: Monthly meetings at Chace Park in Marina del Rey. (818) 986-5288 Public Invited.

EDUCATION

ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN: Open Mike nite Sat., Dec. 8th at 8PM. 2880 Rowena Ave., Silver Lake. Tickets \$2. Info: (213) 381-7805
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT TO DO WHEN I GROW UP" Life and Career Planning Workshop Sat., Dec. 8th, 9:30 AM-3:30 PM. \$10 ad. 1147 S. Alvarado St., LA. (213) 381-7805.
"PERSONAL SPIRITUALITY" Sat., Dec. 15th 10:00 AM-3:00 PM, 1147 S. Alvarado St., LA. \$10 admission. (213) 381-7805.

LOS ANGELES MEN'S COLLECTIVE: Sun., Dec. 2ND, 1440 S. Harvard, Santa Monica. Potlucks 7-8 PM and raps from 8-10 PM. \$4 donation (213) 396-3655.

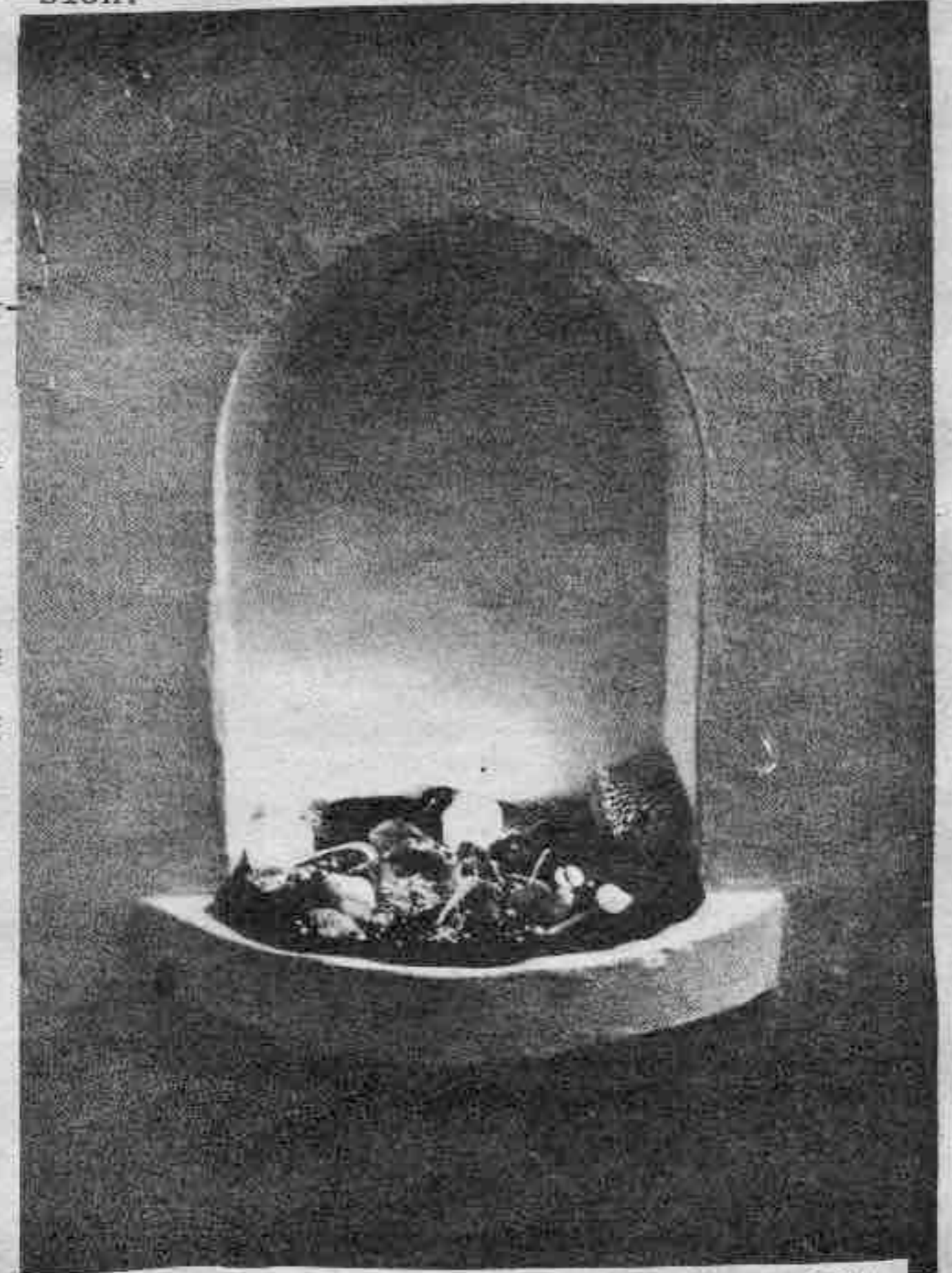
FRIENDS OF VENICE LIBRARY Christmas Program. Venice Branch Library, 610 California Ave., Weds., Dec. 12 at 7:00 PM. No charge. Info: 821-1769.

Music

SANTA MONICA CHAMBER MUSIC ORCHESTRA: Sun., Dec. 2nd at 4:00 PM. Santa Monica's School Auditorium, 1030 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. FREE. Info: 394-3701.
CHILDREN'S CONCERT at 2:00 PM.

ROBIN FLOWER BAND: Sat., Dec. 1st at 8:00 PM Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St. Santa Monica. (213) 399-1631. \$7 admission.

"OFFERINGS: THE ALTAR SHOW"; SPARC, 685 Venice Bl. Artists Amalia Mesa-Bains, Akemi Ucniyama, Linda Vallejo and Terry Wolverton. Sat., Dec. 1st at 8:00 PM. \$5 Admission.



EVERYONE IS AN ARTIST Workshop. Dec. 28th 8:00 to 11:00. 225 Santa Monica Blvd., 6th Floor, Santa Monica. Info: Bond Wright, 393-3779.

Social

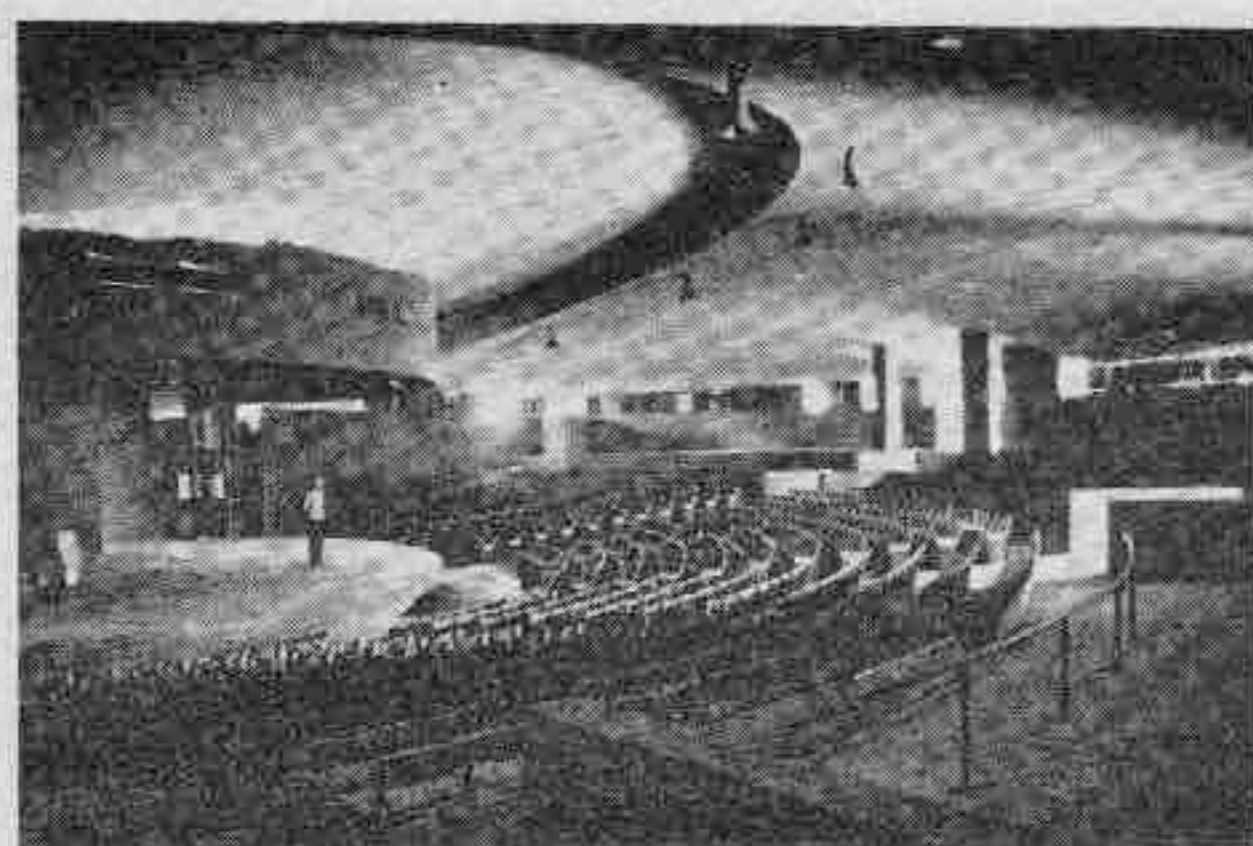
SINGLETARIANS: Unitarian Community Church 1260 18th St., Santa Monica. Info: 394-4318.
MYTHS & TRUTHS OF TRANSEXUALITY-A PERSONAL STORY. Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona, behind the Church. Donation \$3. Dec. 2 at 8
ALICE EDLRED-'ANGER' WORKSHOP. Forbes Hall Dec. 9th at 8:00 PM. \$3.
PAST LIVES THERAPY. Forbes Hall, Dec. 16th at 8:00 PM. Donation \$3.
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A CHRISTMAS PARTY WITH ALL THE FIXINGS. Sunday, Dec. 23rd at 8:00 PM. Forbes Hall. Of course it's \$3.
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